



VOL. XX. No. 6

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

NOVEMBER 10, 1929

**S**IMPLE SIMON, with a little help from the children, did his own cooking and housekeeping, and he got along very well at it, too. To be sure, he did not lose any sleep over a wee bit of dust under the bed or wear his arms out sweeping at imaginary spider webs. No, he spent a reasonable amount of time in sweeping and dusting and then he set his broom in a corner to stay for a while. As for the cooking, it was no great task, for Simple Simon was not one of the men who pet their appetites with three hot meals a day. If he had a big slice of bread and butter and another not so large with a bowl of milk, why, Simple Simon considered it a feast. And then there was always plenty of apple sauce from his own apple trees, or perhaps a big juicy apple roasted before the fire.

Yes, Simple Simon had an abundance of food, such as it was, and such as he liked. Moreover, he had an excellent appetite and a healthful hunger which is said to make the plainest food as good as desert.

Letty Ann brought him milk every day now, for Sukey had weaned her calf and there was more milk than she and her mother could use. She brought it down in the afternoon when school was out, and sometimes she would sit on the step with the old man while he ate his supper from the little blue bowl.

One afternoon as they were sitting together they saw a strange woman coming down the trail. They knew at once that she was an outlander, for she wore a hat instead of a bonnet, and she carried her skirts daintily so that they might not brush against the briars along the way. She came right on, straight down to the playhouse door. Then Simple Simon spoke politely to her and gave her the top step while he and Letty Ann sat below.

"I am eating my supper, as you see," said Simple Simon. "If you are hungry I should be glad to divide with you."

The strange lady smiled and thanked

## Simple Simon Keeps His Bowl

By May Justus

the old man, saying that she was not hungry, and bade him finish his meal. While he ate she talked in a friendly manner, asking many questions about the mountain and the people who lived there. Letty Ann, listening, watched her face and she saw that while the strange lady talked her eyes never left the little blue bowl in Simple Simon's lap. So she was not surprised when she pointed a finger at it and said:

"That is a very pretty little bowl which you have there, but I suppose it is

very, very old, isn't it?" asked the lady.

"Yes," replied Simple Simon, "it is only a little old bowl."

"I have taken a sudden fancy to it," continued the lady, "and I have a mind to buy it. I will give you ten dollars for it." She held the money out on her white palm, and Simple Simon glanced at it, then turned away his head as if the late afternoon sun on the money dazzled his eyes.

"No, oh, no," he replied, and his hands went around the little bowl as if he would keep it from harm.

"The money would buy you bread and milk for a good while," said the lady, "and you can find another blue bowl any day."

"No," replied Simple Simon, "there are no other bowls in the world like this one. Bread and milk would never taste the same out of any other bowl. Now I must wash it and put it back on the shelf."

Letty Ann saw the lady frown and bite her lips behind her hand, but she spoke to Simple Simon with a smile.

"I want the bowl very much," she told him. "See, I will give you twenty dollars for it. Think what you can do with all this money. It will buy you milk and bread for many a day. It will buy you new clothes, new shoes." As she spoke, she looked from Simple Simon's patched coat to his shoes which needed patching.

Letty Ann knew that Simple Simon worked hard to earn the money that was paid to him for doing odd jobs for the neighbors. She supposed that he had only a few silver pieces in his pocket right now, and here he had a fine chance to get a lot of money at once. It seemed a good price, too, for just a bowl. She thought Simple Simon did not want to sell it because it was a gift from her. Perhaps—perhaps she ought to whisper and tell him that she wouldn't mind—very much. But when she looked at the little blue bowl she remembered how sweet bread and milk tasted in it, and she couldn't say a word.



"I have taken a sudden fancy to it. . . . I will give you ten dollars for it."



But Simple Simon was speaking. "I have never been hungry since I came to Windy-Low," he said with a smile. "I ate my supper from this bowl, and there has always been something to put in it ever since. As for new clothes—I don't need them. And I don't mind wearing patches at all. They only make my clothes warmer for winter!"

By this time the strange lady was growing impatient, and she had forgotten to smile. "I want this bowl," she said, looking hard at it, "and I will pay you thirty dollars for it. Think of it—thirty dollars! It means bread to you, bread enough for a long time—with cake and custard pie, if you like!" And the strange lady laughed as she tinkled the gold in her hand.

Letty Ann caught her breath to hear what Simple Simon would say to that. Now perhaps Simple Simon would sell the bowl, and she couldn't blame him a bit if he did.

But Simple Simon was speaking again, and as he spoke, he looked right at the gold in the lady's hand.

"Some people like cake and custard pie very much," he said in a musing tone, and it sounded as if he were talking to himself. "Now it happens that I am not especially fond of them. They are sweet—but they are not as sweet as bread and milk in the little bowl."

"You are a foolish man, a very foolish

man," said the lady severely as she rose from her seat on the top step. "I cannot waste any more time with you. Good-by!" and she gathered up her skirts and went out the gate, slamming it behind her.

Before she was out of sight a neighbor happened along.

"There is a rich woman on the hill," he told them, excitedly. "She is buying up all the old things that people will sell. I think they are for a city shop. And she called herself an antiquarian."

"Well," said Simple Simon, "she may call herself by her right name. I do not know, for I have never learned to use big words. But one thing I know—and so does Letty Ann. When she went out of our gate she was a very cross little lady!"

And Letty Ann smiled across at Simple Simon. She was glad that he hadn't taken the strange lady's money, for he had proven that he didn't really need it after all. She was glad that Simple Simon didn't mind wearing patched clothes, and that he liked bread and milk better than cake or custard pie. It made her happy to know how much her old friend prized her gift to him. Yes, she was sure it was better for the outlander lady to go away empty-handed. She had been cross and she had slammed Simple Simon's gate. She was not a suitable person to trust with a little blue bowl.

girdle of leather. His outer garment, or aba, is a heavy coat usually made of camel's hair. It is snugly warm and rain-proof, and this is well, for David must be out in all sorts of weather—winter storms of rain and snow, bitter cold winds, and pelting hailstorms. On his head David wears a square of white cotton, folded triangularly and held fast by two strands of dark-colored wool. Some of the Palestine peasants go barefooted, but not the shepherds, for their feet must be protected from the jagged rocks and rough mountain passes. David wears stout shoes of ram's skin with soles of untanned camel-hide.

The cloth for his aba, or outer garment, David spun himself. This seems strange to us, for in this country we think of spinning, when it is carried on in the home, as an industry for women. In Palestine the men, in their spare time, and the boys, when out on the mountains with their flocks, spin the wool into yarn, which is afterward taken to the village weaver to be made into cloth.

David, when he goes out with the flocks, always takes with him a "rod and a staff"; the staff is a heavy cudgel, but the rod is lighter and shaped like a crook. At night, when far from home, David leads his sheep to some natural cave among the mountains to be used as a nightly abode, he taps upon the rocks now and then with his rod or staff. The sheep hear the reassuring sound and follow on after their shepherd, confident that he is leading them to a place of safety.

Into a small bag made of kid-skin David puts his food and the few simple things which he may need while out with the flocks. His food consists of small loaves of bread, olives, cheese, and, perhaps, figs or raisins. Materials for making a fire—steel, tinder and flint—must also go in this bag; a knife, possibly, and a bit of olive oil to apply to any sheep that may become bruised by rocks or thorns.

David also carries a sling; he made this by spinning and weaving coarse yarn into a narrow web, and braiding the ends of the web into cords about three feet long. David is an expert with this sling; he can drop a stone in front of the nose of a sheep that is straying away from the rest of the flock, and thereby startle that erring animal into a quick return to the right path.

One of David's greatest joys is his pipe; this, also, he made himself. It is a simple instrument fashioned from reed, and only a few notes can be played upon it, but it is a source of comfort to David, for many an hour, which would otherwise be lonely, is made enjoyable when he pipes to his flock.

David's days are not all peace and tranquillity: It is necessary that he be ever alert to guard his flock from danger. When he is too far away on

## A Shepherd Boy of Palestine

By Gertrude Clarke Whitney

DAVID is a shepherd boy of Palestine. He lives in that region where, long years ago, shepherds "watched their flocks by night." His father has many sons; one by one, beginning with the eldest, they have taken their turn at watching the flocks. As each son grew to the age when he could be trusted with the care of the sheep, the brother older than he, who had been acting as shepherd, was released from that duty and kept at home to help the father with other farm work—ploughing, planting, harvesting, olive-picking. Now David, the youngest of the sons, is watching the flock.

Some of the neighbors of David's father have adopted modern methods of agriculture; their fields are ploughed with tractors instead of the one-handed plough, and the grain is harvested with a reaper instead of the old-time sickle.

But David's father comes of shepherd stock—a long line of shepherds, which perhaps reaches back to the time of Abraham, and his customs and ways, in many respects, have changed very little from those early days. He is a peasant, or fellah, as the peasant is called in that country; he lives, together with other farmers, in a little village of stone houses clustered together on a hillside.

These houses are, almost without exception, built of stone, for that is a material which the Palestine farmer, living as he does upon the side of a mountain, can obtain easily. The walls of these houses are three or four feet in thickness, the roof is fashioned in the shape of a dome, and the floor is paved with stone. The doors of most of these stone houses and the shutters of the windows are made of wood, but, aside from these parts, not much wood is used.

The houses consist of one large room on the lower floor in which are kept the animals—oxen, cows, and often a camel. The sheep, too, are housed at night in this room during severe weather; on warm nights they are kept in an open courtyard just outside the house.

The family lives on a raised platform built across the back of the house. This abode is called a rowyeh; the family mount to it by means of narrow, steep stairs. On this platform is kept the food supply—wheat and barley in sun-dried clay bins, raisins and figs, olives and jars of oil. Grain for the animals is also stored here. The family cooking is done on a wide-open hearth on this rowyeh.

David wears a simple, loose-fitting cotton garment bound at the waist with a



the mountainside to return home at night, he must keep a vigilant watch over his sheep, for all kinds of savage, hungry beasts are ready to claim a meal from his flock. Not even during the nights when David returns with his sheep to his own house is he free from care. Especially in the warm season, when the sheep are allowed to stay in the courtyard, must David be watchful; for a thief may climb over the high wall which encloses the courtyard, cut the throats of several of the sheep, throw their bodies over the wall to a confederate, and get away with the plunder. In order to look out for such robbers, David wraps himself in his warm aba and sleeps upon the roof of the house, so he may keep a better watch over the sheep.

A shepherd's life is not an easy one; up at dawn and out with the sheep to find green fields, watching over them to see that none becomes injured or strays away; seeing to it that, in a land of limited water supply, his sheep all have a sufficient quantity to quench their thirst; guarding them against wild animals and other enemies. It is small wonder that, after his hard day's work, David, when he wraps his aba about him and lies down to sleep at night, drops off at once into untroubled slumber.

### How Mrs. Dick Escaped from the Indians

By FRANCES MARGARET FOX

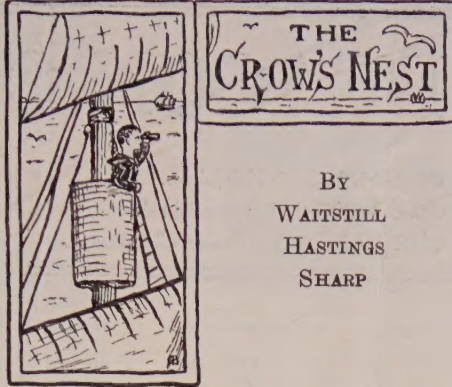
**L**ONG, long ago when settlers first moved into the West, the Indians stole Mrs. Dick. It was during a time of Indian wars and Mr. Dick was glad that the Indians didn't kill his wife. He was glad when he learned that they were treating her kindly, but he knew she must be homesick.

At last Mr. Dick thought of a way to steal his wife back. He knew the captain of a little ship on the Ohio River. The captain knew the tribe of Indians who had stolen Mrs. Dick. He told Mr. Dick that he would get Mrs. Dick away from those Indians.

That is how it happened that Mrs. Jane Dick played a game of hide-and-seek with Indians. She didn't think it was any fun at the time, but she often laughed about it afterwards.

A black man came to her one day when she was working for the Indians in the forest and told her that Mr. Dick and the captain of the ship then moored beside the river bank, had a plan for her rescue. She was gathering sticks for firewood and kept at work while the black man talked. He asked her to meet him at midnight in a certain thicket by the river. She said she would if she could slip away unnoticed from the wigwam where she slept.

At midnight Mrs. Jane Dick met the



By  
WAITSTILL  
HASTINGS  
SHARP

Lots of things can happen to us in one place if we are ready to see them related to each other. Hitched together, they mean a lot more to us than they mean separately.

#### I.

Today I was buying a paper near the Park Street Subway entrance on Boston Common. Above the head of Abraham Lincoln on the two coins which I gave Tony were the words:

"In God we trust."

#### II.

Across old Park Street, as it starts up Beacon Hill toward the State House, stands Park Street Church, from the belfry in whose spire, on July 4, 1832, were first sung in America, the words:

"Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,—

To thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King."

black man in the thicket. There he asked her to get in a hogshead. She did so. He headed up that hogshead and loaded it into a canoe. After that he paddled toward the ship as fast as he could go, and soon Mrs. Dick was landed on the deck just as if she were a big barrel of molasses. Of course she had to stay in the hogshead and keep still.

In the morning the Indians looked for their escaped captive. They searched for her in camp and in the woods. They went everywhere looking for Mrs. Dick. They looked in the trees and under the bushes. They looked behind rocks and in hollow logs, but they couldn't find Mrs. Dick.

At last the Indians went on board the little ship and there they hunted and hunted. They rolled the barrels and hogsheads around on deck, looking and looking for Mrs. Dick, but she kept as still as molasses and they couldn't find her. At last the Indians gave it up. They could not find Mrs. Dick!

The captain thought it might not be wise to sail away too quickly so he stayed

#### III.

At the top of the newspaper I bought appeared the figures:

"1929"

—which indicates that this is a nation of 120,000,000 people dating its years from the birth of one Jesus.

#### IV.

Then between the entrances to the Subway I saw a United States Navy recruiting sign. A battleship in dark blue was silhouetted against a yellow background. Over the fighting masts of the ship were these words:

"The Navy: Our National Insurance."

You often hear the question: "What's in a name?" That means: "What does a name really stand for after people have used it many times?" We know that words used many times come to mean very little. How true this is of so many prayers and polite words.

So we might ask "What's in the words of our national hymn, the words on our money, and the date on our newspaper?" Once upon a time "America" and "In God we trust" and dating our years from the birth of Christ *did really mean a lot* to some people. Do they really speak your faith today—or does the Navy recruiting sign speak for you? Go back and think carefully just what it says.

The Navy recruiting sign does *not* speak for me. I am one citizen who believes that our nation can never be insured by guns and torpedoes—but by the justice and fairness of its people toward all other people everywhere, and, in its dealings with *other* nations, by patience, and patience, and patience.

beside the Indians' camp another day.

Mrs. Dick was glad when the ship finally began rolling and pitching on the waves, for she was in that hogshead thirty-six hours. When the Indians were left far behind, the hogshead was opened and out stepped Mrs. Dick.

Oh, but she was thankful to get home to Mr. Dick and her log cabin. From the bottom of her heart she had thanked the good captain and the black man for their kindness, before she said good-bye to them.

Long as she lived, Mrs. Dick never played another game of hide-and-seek with Indians!

The two small brothers were abed. They had been lying very still when their mother entered the room to say "Good-night." Michael, five years old, asked, "Mother, why do we have a sky?" Before his mother could answer, three-year-old John explained, "To keep the birds in, of course."

—The Christian Register.



# THE BEACON CLUB

## The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

4330 SIERRA VISTA,  
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Dear Editor: I would like very much to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I go to the First Unitarian Church of San Diego. *The Beacon* is delivered weekly to the Sunday school and I enjoy it very much. I am nine years old and in 4A. Our minister is Mr. Bard and my teacher is Miss Reader.

Sincerely yours,  
BILLY CHASTAIN.

922 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.,  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am already a member of the Beacon Club but I have lost my pin; I would be very pleased if you

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

would send me a new one. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. I wrote to a member of the Club, a few weeks ago; her name was Ruth Peabody. I am expecting an answer from her.

Your friend,  
BETTY LEE SHAY.

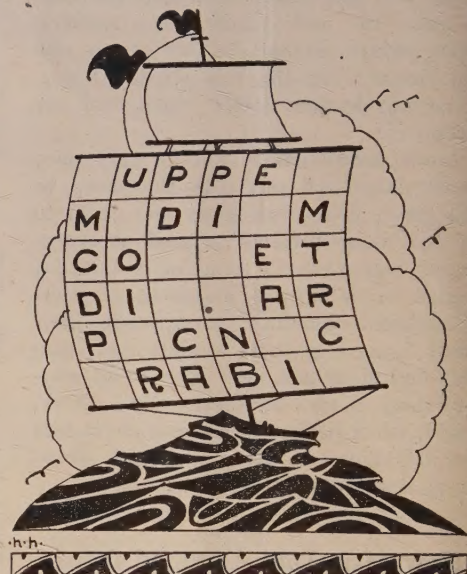
CONCORD RD.,  
BILLERICA, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like very much to belong to your club and wear its pin. I go to the Unitarian Church in Billerica. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Jones and our minister is Rev. R. F. Carver. I am eleven years old and in the seventh grade.

Sincerely yours,  
GERALDINE TAYLOR.

## Puzzlers

### Diagonal Puzzle



If you will fill in the diagonal that runs from the top left to the bottom right with the name of one of the Balkan countries, and the diagonal from the top right to the bottom left with the name of one of the countries of Europe, you will find that you have six perfect words running across the square.

H. P.

## Travelers

By M. LOUISE C. HASTINGS

Seedtime and harvest are at hand and the seeds are beginning their frolicsome journeys. They are scattered by man, bird, and beast. They are carried into distant places by the wind or by water, and some plants scatter their own seeds by shooting them from seedpods.

Mother Nature has given seeds means of transportation. They have wings, or hooks, or sails. How many have you collected this autumn? What a marvelous thing it is, this distribution of gifts with which Nature endows her children! Whether belonging to the animal or vegetable kingdom, all have power to care for themselves, or are taken care of by some carefully planned agency. Nothing is neglected. Nothing is too tiny to be of use somewhere, and every least thing in Nature has some reason for being.

The roundness of walnuts enables them to roll down hill so that they will find a resting place away from the parent tree. The parachute of the dandelion guides the seed, point end downward, so that it can work itself into the soil. Burdocks have hook-tipped spines which catch hold of animals' coats and steal rides.

Go seed-hunting, all of you! Collect seeds, if you like, but at any rate make lists of the seeds you find. Watch their

habits. See how they leave their pods, or heads, or burrs, or shells. Make lists of the seeds according to their means of transportation. Note the animals which let the seeds steal a ride. Note the birds which eat seeds. Find out whether all birds eat the same kinds of seeds. Follow a seed on its journey around your garden or field! Notice how Nature protects her seeds from frost.

It is fun to study seeds. Just try it and see.

## The Fairies' Festival

By PATIENCE MARSHALL LEAVER

I'll never ask grown folk again

If there are fairies now,  
Because I've found out for myself—  
I'm going to tell you how.

While walking out I came to woods

Where autumn has its way,  
And every tree before my eyes  
Was lighted up so gay.

I knew no human hands had hung

Those million lanterns there,  
That swayed and glowed on twig and branch

In colors bright and fair.

And I will go some moonlit hour

To try to see the elves  
Who make the world so lovely for  
Mankind and for themselves.

## Answers to Puzzles in No. 4

*Hidden Books of the Bible.*—1. Nahum. 2. Hosea. 3. Joel. 4. Amos. 5. Matthew. 6. Mark. 7. Micah. 8. Kings. 9. Ezra.

*Twisted Names of States.*—1. Vermont. 2. Maine. 3. Florida. 4. Washington. 5. Virginia. 6. Idaho. 7. Texas. 8. Georgia. 9. New York. 10. Ohio.

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 285 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 2416 Allston Way, Berkeley, Calif.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1913.

Printed in U. S. A.